Heary Norman Describes the Camel Trains of Mongolia and

THE COUNTRY OF GOG AND MAGOG. A Wonderful Work Wrought by Human Hands of Long Ago.

THE GRAND TOMBS OF THE GREAT MINGS

[PROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER. 1 The first time I met a camel train near Peking I reined up my pony and feasted my eyes upon it. And although I have seen thousands since then, I find them just as amusing as ever. The two-humped or Bactrian camels of Northern China are much bigger than those we know at home, and I have seen few nights so picturesque as a string of them approaching over these brown plains. A dozen are fastened together by a cord attaching the nose of one to the tail of the other; a bell, a couple of feet warn the driver in front by its ceasing if the line breaks anywhere; a medley of bales and boxes and clothing is slung on their backs: ruddy-faced Mongols, dressed in scarlet and yellow, with ornaments of gold and silver in profusion, sit up aloft and smile at you as you pass; the great shaggy beasts step softly along, ingeniously out of step, lifting their sponge-like feet and dropping them again with perfect and unvarying deliberation, the whole train moving with the silence of a dream, step, litting their sponge-like feet and broken only by the jang-jang of the solitary bell. Their big brown eyes look you straight in the face and there is something pathetic and represented in their glance. "You are laughing at me," they seem to say, "and I know I am an extraordinary looking creature. But then, if you only knew it, so are you, and it would be kinder to think of my services than to laugh at my shape." All day long, one street of Peking is filled with these pictures que processions, gaunt, wretch-ed creatures, with worn-out coats and covered with coal dust, carrying sacks of coal from the western hills into Peking; and the for finer and better kept animals bearing tea away up into the North. During all my stay in Peking I longed for the moment when I too should ride away at dawn toward Mongolia, in the worn tracks of these strange beasts and their merry masters.

TRAVELING THROUGH A LABYRINTH. My pony was a little creature not much long and thick as a Polar bear's. The mafoo had bought him a few days before from a Mongol for 20 taels, and he had never had a foreign saddle and bridle on till I mounted Therefore the all-day ride was not so otonous as usual, and for the first five miles it was even exciting. We started at daybreak, and the sun was well above us ore we got outside the two gates of king. Then the mafoo took the lead. Once in the open country, we were on a great alluvial plain, dotted with mud houses, broken by irregular patches of verdure and cultivation, laced in all directions by dozens bridle-paths, and ending on our left in the dim outlines of the Western Hills, the summer sanitarium of Peking. We plunged into the labyrinth of roads and the major moment's hesitation. Afterward I found hat he had been over them 46 times before, but for my own part I could see hardly any signs by which to distinguish one from an-

reaching then a small town called Sha-'ho, there we stopped an hour for rest and tiffin. Here already foreigners are scarce and I was quisitive, but quite good natured. Cros a river over two very old, broad flat bridges of white marble, built curiously at an obtuse angle to each other, we emerged again into the plain. This grew more uneven as we advanced, till at last we are riding along a narrow path on the sloping stony bank of a dry water course. The stones grew bigger and more numerous, till they could no longer be navigated, and then my guide struck up to the right, and an hour's detour across country, with half a mile of such bad going at the end that I got off and led my pony, brought us at 3 o'clock to the fortified city of Nan-k'ou, 30 miles from Peking, our

resting place for the night. PICTURESQUE NAN-R'OU. Nan-k'ou is a very interesting little place. Its wall is in ruins, but that only makes it the more picturesque; on the hills right and left of the entrance to the pass which the city is supposed to guard, are two sprightly little towers; a dozen others are just visible dotted about the chain of hills around it; its one broad street, paved once with great blocks of stone, now worn away and upset till a pony can hardly make his way at all over their slippery, rolling sur-ince, is crowded with traffic of men and beasts, and every fifty yards a wide arched doorway leads into a spacious inn yard. This street is part of the great commercial highway between China and all her neighbors of the North. Through it a constant stream of camela and ponies and donkey and even laden coolies passes, bringing Mongol produce to Peking, and taking brick-tea back from Tientsin to Kiackta, on the Russian frontier. And through this street this stream has passed for who knows how many years—thousands, at any rate.

Next morning we embarked upon little
white donkeys, the pass being impracticable for ponies. This road in its glory is said

to have been paved with great smooth gran-ite blocks; now in the valley it is a broken mass of rough stones in a river bed, through which a stream runs; while during the ascent and at the height of the pass it is a has begun on her 103d year. Last Monday masses of rock. A couple of hours' riding and walking brought us to another walled town called Chu-yung-kuan, famous for a heavy arched stone gateway, the whole indicate the substructed by great masses of rock. A couple of hours' riding and walking brought us to another walled town called Chu-yung-kuan, famous for a her 103d year. Last Monday Mrs. Mehitable Straton Dayton, of South Glastonbury, received congratulations on her 103d year. Last Monday Mrs. Mehitable Straton Dayton, of South Glastonbury, received congratulations on her 103d year. Last Monday Mrs. Mehitable Straton Dayton, of South Glastonbury, received congratulations on her 103d year. Last Monday Mrs. Mehitable Straton Dayton, of South Glastonbury, received congratulations on her 103d year. Last Monday Mrs. Mehitable Straton Dayton, of South Glastonbury, received congratulations on her 103d birthday. During the day hundred of hours' riding as kitchen drudges as if such work were felicity enough for them to hope for or dream of. These ideals of wives as portanged with the pass It is a has begun on her 103d year. side of which is covered with sculptures in low relief and a Buddhist inscription in six languages-Chinese, Thib-ctan, Mongol, Sanscrit, and two others that I could not get anyone to identify. From the other side of this gateway the pass of Nank'ou is spread out before you, a brown, barren, rock-strewn gloomy valley, rising and narrowing till it disap-pears in the hills, through which an endless file of brown camels is slowly passing, fill-ing the air with the dust of their feet and the clangour of their bells. For an hour or become wearisoms and I am thousands of miles away in thought, my mafoo rides up beside me and silently points to the hill top on the right. I strain my eyes and there, sure enough, the sky-line far away is broken by the crenellated outline of the Great Wall itself. "This," said Marco Polo when he saw it, "is the country of Gog and Magog."

THE GREAT WALL. The Great Wall of China is, after all, only a wall. And it was built with the same object as every other wall—to keep people object as every other wall—to keep people from coming where they were not wanted. Mr. Toole's famous account of it is as historically accurate as any. "The most important building in China," he is accustomed to say, "is the Chinese Wall, built to keep the Tartars out. It was built at such an enormous expense that the Chinese never got over it. But the Tartars did. And the way they secomplished this feat was as follows: One went first and t'other went arter." It differs from other walls in only two respects, its age and its size. The two respects, its age and its size. The former is 2,162 years, the latter is such that it is the only work of human hands on the globe visible from the moon. (I take no responsibility for either of these statements.)

The Chinese name for it is Wan-li-ch'ang-ch'ang the well ten thousand it lone."

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Penn ave. ch'eng, "the wall ten thousand li loug." And the gate on this high way is called Pata-ling, and is about 50 miles northwest of Peking and 2,000 feet above the sea. Be-

youd it lies Mongolia. Half an hour after this first glimpse I stood upon the wall itself. The gateway is a large double one, with a square tower upon it, pierced with oblong openings for cannon, of No. 60 Federal st., Allegheny.

which a dozen old ones lie in a heap, showing that at one time the road was periousledefended at this point. A rough stairway leads to the top, which is about 20 feet wide with a crenellated parapet on each side, and you can walk along it as far as you can see, with here and there a scramble where it has fallen in a little. On the whole it is in excollent repair, having of course been mended and rebuilt many times. Every half mile or so is a little square tower of two stories. The wall itself varies a good deal in height according to the nature of the ground, averaging probably about 40 feet. On one side Mongolia, as you see it, is a vast undulating brown plain; on the other side China is a perfect sea of brown hills in all directions, and across these stretches the Great Wall. and across these stretches the Great Wall.
On the hill top, through the valleys, up and
down the sides, it twists in an unbroken
line, exactly like a huge earth worm suddenly turned to stone. For many miles it is
visible in both directions, and when you can
no longer trace its entire length you can sell it. no longer trace its entire length you can still discover it topping the hills one after another into the remote distance.

A COLOSSAL ACHIEVEMENT. And when you reflect that it is built o bricks, in almost inaccessible piaces, through uninhabited countries, that each brick must have been transported on a man's shoulders enormous distances, and that it extends for 2,000 miles, or one-twelfth of the circumference of the globs, you begin to realize that you are looking upon the most long, is hung round the neck of the last to | realize that you are looking upon the most colossal achievement of human hands. - The bricks are so big and heavy that I had to hire a little donkey to carry off two of them. This is the only piece of Vandalism to which I plead guilty on this trip, but the temptation was irresistible, and "they never will be missed." Nowadays, of course, the wall serves no defensive purpose whatever and is not guarded in any way. Not a soul lives within miles of it at terprise gone never to return.

After taking a dozen photographs, and reflecting how comical were the learned arguments produced in England a couple of ments produced in England a couple of years ago to prove that there was no such thing as a Great Wall of China, we turned back to Nauk'ou, reaching there at nightfall. Next morning before daylight we started for the tombs of the great Ming dynasty, 13 miles away, and as famous in China as the wall itself. These lie in a pleasant green valley surrounded with an almost complete circle of high wooded hills—an ideal and for an Emmeror's grave. —an ideal spot for an Emperor's grave. There are 13 of them, called the Shih-san-ling, disposed in the form of a crescent, but the crescent is so extensive that only four or five of them can be seen at once. I visited the largest, the tomb of Yung-lo, who reigned about 1400. A square of perhaps 200 yards across the face is surrounded with a high wall of plain red brick. The side of the hill forms the fourth side and entrance is bigger than a dog and with a white coat as had through a pair of ordinary wooden doors. When you enter, the spectacle is not at all striking. There are a few little payilions on either side of you, each covering a carved stone tortoise or an inscribed ablet, and in front a long low shaped building with an approach of steps and balustrades in carved white marble.

- Inside is gloom, through which you faintly discern the magnificent outlines of 32 enormous wooden columns, each a solid log of hewn and polished teak 12 feet round and 32 feet high. Where they came from—unless it was from Burmah—or how they were conveyed hither, nobody knows, but their grandeur is indisputable. In the center, upon a sort of stone table, stands a perfectly plain tablet of real issuance, a counter of feet plain tablet of red lacquer, a couple of feet high and a foot wide, bearing the posthumus title of Yung-lo, "The perfect ancestor and literary Emperor." But the ancestor him-self is not here. Passing out behind the great columns and again crossing the garden, at the edge of the hillside there is a solid square tower of brick and granite, supporting a kind of obelisk. The sarcophagus ery of the most delicate description on itself is deep in the hill, and upon the obe-lisk a long inscription narrates the deeds and extols the virtues of the long-departed Ming. On the whole, however, China disappoints you here once more, as everywhere and always. The situation is finely chosen for the last resting place of immortal em-perors, but man's handliwork rather weakens than enhances the effects of nature. There is no suggestion, for instance, of the solem-

"Where the warriors in the gloom Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb;" and there is nothing to arrest the hasty footstep lest even "the hushed tread" "Should burst the bands of the dreamless sleep, That hold the mighty dead."

uity of that cathedral aisle:

As you ride away you pass through an avenue of stone carvings, where pairs of knights and courtiers and stone lions and camels and elephants glare at you from each side. They are enormous, being some 15 feet high and carved out of a solid block of stone; and wonderful, for you cannot imagine how they were transported. But they are utterly dwarfed by the hills around them and soon your only recollection of them is only that your pony positively re-fused to pass between them and ended by bolting with you. And I may as well con-elude by giving my little Polar bear of a pony credit for the way in which he trotted back to Peking, so as to get there before the gates closed, in all 40 miles in four hours, with three-quarters of an hour for rest and food. I have known costlier horseflesh make poorer progress. And when we got back again at last to Tieutsin my majoo sold back again at last to Tientsin my mafoo sold him to the innkeeper for twice what he paid HENRY NORMAN. for him.

WELL INTO A SECOND CENTURY. Two Women, Lively as Crickets, Celebrate

Their 162d Birthdays. SEPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. ANSONIA, CONN., May 11.-Two aged past week, and it is a coincidence that each has begun on her 103d year. Last Monday dream of. These ideals of wives as portrayed by men were not expected to have brains—in fact brains seemed to be held as rather an objection and as tending rather to independence than the subjection deemed to be so lovely and desirable in a wife. They slightly deaf, but with this exception her served to give up all for love and deem it a

home of her son, Deacon S. J. Averill, in New Preston. In the same house resides her grandson, H. O. Averill, and her great-grandshildren are also sheltered by the same roof. Mrs. Averill's birthday is on May 5, but it was celebrated on Saturday this year. A reception was held at which her relatives and friends attended from New Millord, Brookfield, Sherman and Danbury. The occasion was a merry one, and Mrs. Averill occasion was a merry one, and Mrs. Averill was not the least lively person present. Her faculties are unimpaired, not even deafness troubling her.

BEAUTY is not imparted by the best per-fumery, but least of all plain women should forego the alluring charm of Atkinson's

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LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH.

Bessie Bramble Sends Cupid Aflying by Showing That

MATRIMONY'S A MATTER OF MONEY Poor Men Must Not Mate With Delicately Reared Girls.

WOMEN MUST HAVE BONNETS, ETC

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPLYON. I ATREN, S. C., May 10.—The poets have all written and rhapsodied over beautiful June as the month of roses, but here in the South in early May the roses are a-blowing with illimitable and magnificent profusion In every garden along the streets, everywhere, are roses, the beautiful La France, Gloire de Dijon, Marechal Niel, Puritan, Jacqueminot, Victoria, Grand Duke Charles, Souvenir, Queen of the Prairie-every variety are to be, seen with such wealth of bloom as is never beheld in the North. The whole air is perfumed with roses, honeysuckles, sweet old-fashioned pinks, and

almost every flower that grows.

If people in the South ever get up energy enough to write poetry, Thompson's "Seasona" will be completely upset and Longfellow and Whittier, who have glorified and made famous the "New England Spring," will be found a month or more behind time, with their robins, and blue birds, and lilacs, and primroses, and cowslips in sweet and beautoous May. But the Southern poet, with all this inspiration of flowers and sweetness and wealth of beauty in early rosy May under his nose has not yet immortalized himself in any Miltonio fashion nor even given any picture of nature as seen in the sunny South as equal to good old John G. Whittier on Northern spring and winter. Latent inspiration amid such beauteous scenes there must be, but Southerners are too lazy to work it out into immortal verse or put it into words that glow and

'MID SWEET PERFUMES

On a piazza, shaded by, it would seem, a million roses, white and yellow, more beautiful than can be expressed in words, and overlooking a garden full of roses, yellow jasmine, fragrant pinks and honeysunkie and other brilliant odorous blossoms at a company of ladies, all from the North, who were drinking in the delightful air, and inhaling the perfume of the strange Southern garden. It was a woman's meeting devoted to cheerful gossip, small talk and fancy work and altogether a merry company of old girls, representing perhaps half a dozen of the progressive Northern States. They were engaged in what men are wont to call useless work, but as an accompaniment to running tongues, and as tending to the cul-ture of the esthetic, and the beautifying of homes, it may be counted as work of more nomes, it may be counted as work of more utility and less expensive than smoking cigars, or playing billiards, or horse racing on the boulevard. One was ornamenting in outline sketch a bureau cover in cobwebs and Iris design, that was so greatly admired that the worker was impelled to a vast spurt of industry so as to show its elegance when done. Another was knifting in overner worked to Another was knitting up orange worsted to make oranges for a fancy tree at a fair, where the crop of oranges that adorned it were to be utilized as twine bags and sold at \$1 a piece for the benefit of the heathe. Another was drawing threads prepartory to working in the "hour-glass pattern" and "cobwebs" and "double matrimony stitches," and all the rest of the intricacie

- DAINTY DEVICES for the luncheon table. Another more given for the luncheon table. Another more given to the practical was knitting sllk stockings, and another equally devoted to the useful was knitting ribbed silk shirts which cost like "sixty" at the stores, but as the profit of picked-up minutes realized more than 100 per cent. These and other occupations made that piazza a regular working bee equal to any sewing society. It was largely the result of reaction from the exertion of doing "the lions" of the town, which, though few in number, had been made the most of in "the lions" of the town, which, though few in number, had been made the most of in the line of something to do and somewhere to go. They had visited the schools and exhibited vast interest in the advancement of the cute little "darkies," they had done "Sand river," and the "colored graveyard," and the "cotton-ginning," and the "cake walks," and the "Sohutsenfest," and tired out they had settled down for a quiet time on the plazza in rocking chairs, a state of on the piazza in rocking chairs, a state of pleasure so mysterious and unknown to foreign writers on American subjects like

In this state of beatitude—so inadequately pictured—they discussed men and things, as might be expected, and principally the former, as women are wont to do. A text was found in an article setting forth the views of sundry and divers men setting forth their ideal of wives and their hope of secur-

In these views of a dozen men as to what they wanted in a wife it was prefty plainly shown that what they desired was a wife not so much as a lover and a companion and a dear familiar friend as one so gifted with physical beauty, so up to the highest mark in housekeeping, so endowed with pretty accomplishments, so possessed of the virtue of economy as to be always able to make one dollar do the work of two or maybe three, so unselfish as to be willing to give up glad-ly all their own likings and desires in deterence to those of men, and so

HAPPY TO MINISTER

women have celebrated their birthdays the unto their husbands in all things, and accept their doctrines in all matters, as to be glad and willing to become "door mats" for slightly dear, but with this exception her faculties are unimpaired, her eyesight being remarkably good—better, in fact, than in people half her age. Her mind is active and clear. She reads the newspapers as regularly as they come, and is able to maintain an argument on local affairs with any case. She has been a widow 40 years tain an argument on local affairs with any one. She has been a widow 40 years.

Last Saturday Mrs. Betsy Averill, who has before been mentioned in The Dispute to become an able housekeeper, a good manager, a fine domestic financier, must be manager, and just such branches of the sky-line far away is broken remediated outline of the Great Wall "This," said Marco Polo when he the country of Gog and Magog."

tain an argument on local affairs with any one. She has been a widow 40 years.

Last Saturday Mrs. Betsy Averill, who has before been mentioned in The Dispute to become an able housekeeper, a good manager, a fine domestic financier, must be manager manufactories, and achieve success in any sort of business. One man objected to his wife knowing too much of matters of the first of t care to have her take any interest in politics as he could attend to that—he wanted her thoughts centered alone upon him and the family, and especially did he want an economical wife, who could make both ends meet on a small income. He did not state what he preposed to sime in the control of the control o what he proposed to give in return for all this affection and devotion and perfection, but his description showed clearly enough that he expected some beautiful and brilliant girl to be delighted to receive her board and clothes on his own conditions.

Another wanted a wife physically perfect
—aweel-tempered, kind, and capable of
making a comfortable and tasteful home in
which he could find comfort and spend his
spare hours in the pursuit he loved—and all
this to be done on the moderate salary of
\$1,000 per year. He was fond of the little
nicelles and modest elegances of life. How
he expected all that he wished for the sum
mentioned is one of the mysteries that so
frequently becloud a man's mind, who has
had little or no experience in the matter of
housekeeping and the releatless, everrecurring rent day. A thousand a year in
the country seems a same competence, but
in the city the management required to
make both ends meet with \$1 a
head would require the close coon-WHAT HE WANTED.

omy advocated by Benjamin Frankin and the pinching close-fistedness of the man who made the eagle on a quarter squeal by holding enito it with such conscity. All for leve and the world well lost is a "warry pretty sentiment," as Sam Weller would asy, but it rarely works well in practice. The handsome, accomplished, charming young woman of rained tastes who marries on such income, speedily discovers that to keep house and live and bring up a family on such amount means back streets, shabby Daughters of Millionaires.

in England.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

most become a woman, wanted his wife to have an income of her own equal to his, and announced boldly that only in such a union could the ideal marriage be found. THE LADIES TALE. The sisters on the piazza shouted as these various ideal wives were presented to their "No men are such fools as to write all that stuff," said one well-to-do sister. "Those yarns are all made up in the newspaper offices. If they were true they would simday is that mechanics and workingmen generally on small wages want to marry girls whose education, culture and tasks unfit them for such unions, and who, when the first glow of happiness has faded, find in the harsh graspings of poverty nothing but discontent and disgust."

"Well, but," said the romantic old maid. "love would sweeten everything. It would give compensation for the hardness and

drudgery to know that it was done through affection. It would keep a wife's heart warm to know that by her work the man she loved was made happy."
"Love! Fudge!" said the worldly-wise woman whose lot had taken her over hot loughshares until she had been left the ich widow of a stingy and penurious husand. "When poverty comes in at the loor love flies out of the window, and let no girl forget it. Marriage is hard enough at the best for any woman, but with poverty to boot, it is simply an off-told tale of hardship, make-shift, drudgery and perpetual abase-

on such amount means back streets, shabby clothes and hard work, and if to this is added selfishness and neglect on the part of the husband, she finds that the world and marriage do not constitute the husband.

marriage do not constitute the maze of blis

marriage do not constitute the make of ones so postically pictured in poetry and dreama —not by a good deal.

Another man, in addition to all the ex-cellences and virtues and beauties that

"Oh, Sister A., you must not forget that all men are not alike. There are good ones and there are bad ones. Plenty of husbands are faithful, fond and true, and, even though poor, treat their wives so well that they are happier however much of hardship they en-

"But, is it not pretty cool to demand beauty, accomplishments, skill in manage-ment, ability to cook—wise judgment, thrift, economy, and all other wifely virtues with the offer of nothing in the way of re-turn but the companionship of a sap-headed turn but the companionship of a sap-headed selfish man. Let another verse be added to the litany, said another. From all such men may the good Lord deliver us forever

AN EVERLASTING TOPIC. As a specimen of a morning's talk among intelligent women the above is a short sample, but it shows that the question of marriage is constantly under discussion everywhere, and since women are now taking their own part as never before they taking their own part as never before they have done in the world's history some good may be expected from the discussion by both sides. Someone says that a milliner's and dressmaker's account has often proved to be the time account. proved to be the tiny germ of the perennial thistle that grows up in many homes. But as women must have bonnets and gowns—the point is how are they to be secured the point is how are they to be secured without trouble as rank as Canada thistles. Moreover, when the sense, judgment, thrift and ability to manage a home are deemed essential why should men marry women whom they flatter as angels and bow down to before the ceremony, but afterward they make it unduly plain that wedlock is a state in which they are to do as they please and wives are to plod along as they must. It stands to reason that such marriages are not happy, and such wives are not the fond ideals of men as pictured. To reach the best happiness in marriage men must alter their ideals and manners. They must cease to expect more than human nature from women. Both parties are made of the same stuff—both have the same right in the pursuit of happiness. If men want good wives they must show themselves to be good men. Bad wives are all too common, but they have in large measures have made, but the index in large measure been made so by the insincerity of men. Fair square treatment would make very many women happler and better, and as follows would insure greater com-fort and contentment in the home. The ridiculous ideals of men might not be shown

to be numerous, but The perfect woman nobly planned To warn, to comfort and command, would largely tend to the ideal marriage. BESSIE BRAMBLE

George Augustus Sala. George Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, on his last Australian trip wrote as follows to the London Daily Tele-

cially have a pleasant remembrance of "I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medice indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmedic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we had left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the tropics, and, in particular, a couple of Allcock's Porous Plasters chapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

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LITTLE ARISTOCRATS.

Princely Apartments for Sons and

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT'S NURSERY How Children Are Disciplined Here and

YOUNG GIRL'S BEAUTIFUL ROOMS

The number of young husbands and fathers in the possession of vast wealth is replace her governess than her butler. The as much a mark of the times as the vas wealth. In the last generation men expe to work patiently for their fortunes in order to enjoy them in their old age. The present caprice of fortune, the lady on the wheel, is to catch up the youth behind her before they have struck a blow for themselves. It is for the most part the young men who have built the fine houses of to-day. In these fine houses provision is necessarily made for the young children of the family This, in its approved form, is modeled after the children's establishments in the great louses of England. Perhaps the most creditable influence of Anglomania is seen in the lodgment and training of children. The difficulty is, as with all other customs, that cannot transport the atmosphere in

which these thrive, In England the children's apartment i not only separate in location, but has its own staff of servants, is governed by its own laws, and in all things is independent of the routine of the main establishment in which move the father, the mother and elders of the family. The wet nurse is, as elsewhere, a law unto herself. Except the Czar of Rus-sia, or some eastern potentate, she has no rival in her absolutism. But her reign is inevitably curtailed by the sprouting of the infant teeth. When the child leaves the nurse's arms, it enters into a world of law and discipline. The social duties of a wom-an of position in England are obligatory and absorbing. Her maternal duties are neces sarily transferred to another. This is a part of the established constitution of things which find no parallel with us.

THE NURSERY GOVERNESS. Accordingly a substitute is provided. It is the nursery governess. She is a woman of gentle manners, if with limited education. This is her profession. She has passed from family to family. All her antecedents are known. She has a professional pedigree which is open to inspection, so carefully is chosen the woman who is to be governoress of this mimic realm.

of this mimic realm.

She has no menial offices to perform, the nursery maids do these under her super-vision. She regulates the lives of her little charges, establishes her own system of re-wards and punishments, looks after the health, supervises the walks, hears the first lessons, and begins the cultivation of those manners which social standards for cen-turies expect English children to possess. If a child needs the sea coast or delicate lungs demand the south of France, she as-sumes the responsibility. In brief, she is a person competent to discharge the most deli-cate duties of a mother, and such are intrusted to her. This position she keeps un-til the education is sufficiently advanced to

transfer them to the governess.

The life and education of the children in the schoolroom is as separate from the family life as that of the younger children. To the governess is intrusted their education, man-ners and morals, She regulates the studies and oversees the work of the masters. The schoolroom is attended by a schoolroom maid, and the governess presides at the daily meals. The appointments are simple but requisite and under the care of special servants. For the governess there is no humiliation in the position. Her duties have been prescribed by unwritten laws, her position is one of authority and within ines she is supreme.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE. Education is a much more serious thing in an English family than it is here even in the best of schools, for nothing is permitted to interfere with it. Theaters and chil-dren's parties are interdicted. The gayety dren's parties are interdicted. The gayety of the house does not penetrate the school-room. Children live more simply, dress more simply, eat plainer food and spend less money. It is doubtful whether an American child could put up with the restrictions that an English child accepts without comment—so influential is an American child in the household. I know of a young girl who changed her school fire times he girl who changed her school five times, be-cause another girl went to another school, because she didn't like the teacher, because the lessons were easier, one caprice being as the lessons were easier, one caprice being as good as another, and only at the fifth change did her masculine parent discover that she might not be the best judge of schools. This same girl had a larger allowance than I am sure the daughters of the Duke of Westminster did at her age.

A separate establishment for children in the Earlish serve is investible here for

the English sense is impossible here, for children in this country live with their parents—not only share their roof and meals, but their diversions, and are in a way their companions. There may be many rguments doubtless to show that the American system of early education is by far the best. Nevertheless English ideas have been followed, at least, in form, if the education is wanting. In the new houses a certain portion is made over to the children. The apartments consist of nursery, bed-rooms for the older children, sitting room and schoolroom. These are fitted up with a degree of luxury that finds no parallel in English homes.

THE VANDERBILT NURSERY. In Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's house the nursery is separated from her own apartments by her bathroom. The nursery is in the First Empire styles. The wood is mahogany, and with the exception of a few classic lines, is without ornament. The walls are in pink and tinted into harmony with the wood. The furniture is mahogany mousted in brass, and was made abroad in keeping with the style of the room. Connecting with the nursery is the children's morning and breakfast room. This is in pine, painted gray-green, and reflects old English styles, with lockers in the window seats. A dumb waiter connects with the butler's pantry and kitchen. Here the children are supreme. They may set their own table, wash their own dishes and play at housekeeping in a truly serviceable way. A window in this room overlooks the Francis I. room below which was the scene of the great ball a few years ago. This room is intended for a few years ago. This room is intended for gala purposes and, from their perch above, the small people can look down on the gay doings below. The schoolroom contains all the most approved appliances for making the royal road smooth. Of these the ceiling the royal road smooth. Of these the ceiling is most original. Here, in fresco, is painted the heavens and the planetary system and a lesson in astronomy is always in order as it continually stimulates and prompts inquiry from the growing young minds.

One of the best-equipped of these private schoolrooms was that in Mrs. William E. Hoyt's house on Twin Island in the Sound. Mrs. Hoyt will be better remembered as Janet Chase the youngest daughter of the

Janet Chase, the youngest daughter of the Chief Justice, whose life is now largely spent devoted to her daughter's education.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

the arms of the nurse, and when their education has got beyond the nursery governess,
or the kindergarten, she still has charge of
them, but masters and private teachers
carry on their mental training. The resident governess and tutor are not preferred
in private houses. Social matters are too
chaotic here to render the position comfortable for either the employer or employed. Many women look on a governess
as a species of upper maid, to be called on
for thimble and needle if need be. The
native governess, on the other hand, wants
to be regarded as one of the family, and
feels privileged to indulge her feelings at
fancied slights. The butler and upper
servants, on the other hand, persist in regarding her as one of them. I know of a
governess who was diaminated, the lady of
the house frankly avowing that the servants
resented waiting on her, and it was easier to
replace her governess than her butler. The the arms of the nurse, and when their edu

AN UNPLEASANT POSITION. It happens often and shows that wealth is not all powerful in New York society. Women belonging to the same social circle but who have lost their money are employed by their friends as visiting teachers. One of them tells me that when she goes to her lessons the butler makes her wait in the hall, or at the children's dinner comits to serve her but when she is a great of a dinhall, or at the children's dinner omits to serve her, but when she is a guest at a dinner party she receives his most distinguished consideration. The governess in a house has not an enviable life. Her only companions are the children, and they are frequently with their parents. Even the mother who may have a desire to be amiable, cannot vouch for her friends. A lady of prominent position here who has an educated German lady in her household, and who dines with her in the family, never entertains her when she has guests lest, as she says, they might be rude to her. In this sort of atmosphere it may be imagined in the children's eyes the dignity of education is not strengthened.

The fashion of the moment is the English nursery governess, the great consideration

ntment of the butler extends even to the

The fashion of the moment is the English nursery governess, the great consideration being her "English secent," which has far outstripped the language of France. The English nursery governess is the most sensible fashion that has yet prevailed in education, for she brings with her, her English ideas on the subject of lessons, sweeties, diversions, scrubbings, clothes, spankings and waiting on onesself. I have seen one of these gaunt English women who looked as if she had just stepped out of a caricature of an "English Mees," having charge at a watering place of three Boston cubs who the year before had been the terror of the house. The lessons went on with the regularity of the schoolroom, the exercises and the walks were as punctual as the clocks. She brought her charges to the table and they ate what she prescribed, if they revolted they were carried forth and duly spanked, while their beautiful and fashionable mother composedly ate her dinner. ionable mother composedly ate her dinner. But the most pleasing thing was to see them carrying pitchers of water for their own scrubbing and being taught to wait on themselves. Before the season was over the gratitude of the house almost resulted in

The English governess brings with her her English ideas of health. Here she is vastly superior to the French and German gov-erness, nationalities that have never realized the saving grace of water and exercise. These the American people realize and abet the Englishwomen. American children of leisure class are splendidly groomed little animals. This is, of course, accompanied by much unnecessary luxury. The appointments of the dressing rooms of some children equal that of any lady of luxurious tastes.

Here is the description of the suite of

rooms occupied by a girl of 9. Her name I will not give, for it would be unkind to pillory a child for the sins of her foolish parents. She has a beautiful little sitting room in white and gold. The walls are hung in rose tinted silks, and special pieces of furniture, diminutive in size, and including a small secretary in ormolu with Sevres plaque, that she may carry on her little correspondence. Here are her toys, the elegant gifts she receives, and here she entertains her friends. Adjoining this room is her bedroom in satin wood, her brass bed hung with blue silk curtains. A dressing room attaches and in this is the culmination of luxury. The dressing room is quite large. The marble bath is set against the wall. The low marble basin is supplied with perfumed soaps. ble basin is supplied with perfumed soaps Sponges of all sorts and sizes hang in racks. Perfumed waters in cut glass bottles, cold creams, delicate lotions all find a place.
On her bureau are laid out expensive brushes and combs in repousse, silver and exquisite toilet bottles and manicure cases in pearl. In one corner is placed a long cheval glass that she may contemplate her skirts and dainty footgear. The impro-priety of calling this child's attention as specifically to the care of her body is al-ready manifest, and one can only wonder what there can be in reserve for her when she is grown.

SENSIBLE TRAINING. But children in the most prominent fami-lies are not quite so lavishly pampered. The Vice President's young daughters are sen-sibly dressed and most carefully educated On fine afternoons they might have been seen speeding down Fifth avenue on their roller skates to Washington square, before the Washington epoch set it. In Mr. Whitelaw Reid's house the upper part is Whitelaw Reid's house the upper part is given to the children, where they are sensibly and carefully trained. The hall here, which is as spacious as the grand hall below, is pannelled in red wood and has a capacious fireplace, is a noble playroom for inclement days. The Villard children, who formerly occupied it, have been most carefully trained. The language of the family is German, and a German governess their constant companion. Their studies were overseen by their mother, and one of the pretty sights in the music room below was Mrs. Villard playing accompaniments to her daughter's violin in the daily practice. A form of private education much more A form of private education much more in vogue is in classes of three and four, from an intimate circle. This, it is claimed, an intimate circle. This, it is claimed, gives companionships yet prevents the undesirable intimacies formed at schools. In this case, at one house the schoolroom is fitted up and thither are brought each day by maids the outside scholars. The children are taught by special visiting teachers. These are always expensive. In addition to New York there are many aducational fush lons. At one time it is solfage, another time elecution. Neither and none of these are of essential importance but for their brief hour they are imperative, absorbing and ex-MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

IN A SANITARY WAY. Health Officials Tell What a Blessing the Clean-Up Was.

"Last night's flood was a benefit to mankind," said a clerk in the Bureau of Health yesterday. "No, not merely because it washed out the sewers, but chiefly for the eason that there was not a vacant lot in the city that was not washed nearly clean of its putrifying garbage.
"It is was not swept clear down the riv-

ers, the stuff was carried out into the streets, where it is more easily seen, and of course will be quickly removed now. In tene-ment house sections such a rainfall has done more than a corps of sanitary inspectors could have accomplished in months."

A Modern Cinderella.



SMOKE WORSE THAN SUN. Latter Like the Pormer.

By some physicians it is thought that many cases of near-sightedness are directly caused in infancy by children gazing at the sun. While the maids push the babies perambulators through the parks on tunny eyes stare at the blazing face of heaven. The question was suggested to Mr. Steiren, opticism, and he rather scouted the idea. "Of course," said he, "the hot sun's rays are lojurious to the eyes at any stage; rays are injurious to the eyes at any stage; but, further than causing a little soreness of the lids, I do not think any injury results to the optics. The pupil of the eye is not permanently injured, and the idea that it would be scorched is ridiculous. The nerves of the eye are very easily affected, but not to any such degree as that which you say the sun's glare would cause.

"Nearsightedness in numerous cases is hereditary, but the loss of close vision cau be attributed to habits and fancies of life. Anything which is detrimental to the nervous system will be in sympathy with the vous system will be in sympathy with the eye, which is practically a network of nerves. Cigarette smoking, I think, is very damaging to the eyes, as well as to the

DARBS says this time of the year is the best for making fine photographs.

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This Spring, as you may have been before, with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, appetite poor, kidneys and liver tor pid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition and ready for the changing and warmer weather by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an ap-petite and for a regulating and general spring medicine. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. "For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.
"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. Christian, Illiopolis, Ill.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepar by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

HORRIBLE FOREBODINGS Of Impending Danger—An Unpar-

Dr. Smith, at No. 502 Penn Ave., COMES TO THE RESCUE

alleled Statement of Facts-

No human being is exempt from disease. The most powerful and apparently healthy have no guarantee that their strength will not be taken from them and their bodies wasted by some loathsome disease. Few who are in health consider their Hability to disease or pay attention to the lils of their suffering fellow dreatures. The following very interesting case is that of a woman whose magnificent physique could apparently defy the ravages of disease and pain, and whose musclesseemed secure from the lils which weaker women are heir to, yet she for three long years was a terrible sufferer and was in a most pitiable condition imaginable, when she applied to Dr. Smith. The case in question was that of Mrs. L. H. Anberry, who resides at Mercer, Pa. Mrs. A. had been afficted with hemorrhoids for a number of years without paying very much attention to them. But as the years went by the disease began to grow upon her. Pile-tumors began to make their appearance at each movement of the boweis. These tamors began to increase in size, and when prolapsed would bleed profusely. The pain and suffering which she experienced from them, together with the loss of blood, from repeated hemorrhapes gradually undermined her nervous system until she became a physical wreck. She became weak and languid. The least physical exertion caused great fatigue. She lived in constant fear that something dreadful was about to happen. She suffered from melancholy, and felt that she would never get well. A feeling would come over her that she was aloue in the world, and was constantly looking on the dark side of life. She had tried the skill of so many physicians without unding relief that she had given up all hopes of ever being restored to bealth. In connection with hismorrhoids she suffered from female weakness in its worst form, and had become so thoroughly discouraged that she had given up in despair. Hearing of the remarkable cures that are being made by Dr. Smith, the magnetic physician, at No. 602 Penn ave., she decided to consult him, and make on

disease escapes the influence of the magnetic touch, and no person need despair of receiving benedits therefrom. No matter what the condition or how long you have been sick, there is hope left. No matter what other physicians have failed to do, or what prejudiced people say, Mrs. Auberry had been under the care of several eminent physicians before coming to Dr. Smith, and had never been helped.

When other doctors give you up, and the hospitals turn you away as incurable, go straight to 502 Penn ave. and consult Dr. Smith; he cures after all other means fall.

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